

The St. Joseph's Collegian, Rensselaer, Indiana.

VOL. X.

DECEMBER, 1903.

No. 3.

The Brook.

YOUR current, brooklet, is not strong,
But always right and never wrong;
Singing gaily on your way
This enchanting little lay,
Ripple, ripple, ripple.

Vanishing you come anew,
Sparkling with the morning dew;
You of whom we only knew,
Frequented by a happy few,
Ripple, ripple, ripple.

Here and there some marsh arising,
Now you're pleasing, now surprising;
Surely one this brook surmising,
Could scarce keep from ever prizing,
Ripple, ripple, ripple.

On you run, your course so free,
Gath'ring one, now two, now three,
Of those tiny streams we see;
Still your lay shall ever be,
Ripple, ripple, ripple.

D. L. MONAHAN, '06.

Caliban.

"This is as strange thing as e'er I looked on."

CALIBAN ranks not least among the masterpieces of Shakespeare. As a product of art he is one of the most perfect and finished in all literature. Caliban occupies a field all to himself, few authors ever having tried to emulate Shakespeare in this grand conception of his imagination. Those that did have been mere imitators.

Caliban's exterior form is one of the most repulsive figures that poet ever fancied. This repulsiveness proceeds from its being so nearly copied from the human, but with a strange admixture of the brutal. An idea of this form is imparted to us by each character of the play in turn upon seeing Caliban for the first time. Trinculo calls him a fish; Stephano terms him a demon, monster, and moon-calf; Antonio sees in him "a plain fish and no doubt marketable." Prospero calls him "a dull thing," "a demi-devil," "a misshapen knave," "a thing of darkness." In the action of the play Caliban, the lowest of all possible intellectually gifted beings, serves as a counter character to Prospero, the most highly cultured. Caliban in his darkness is the background upon which the bright virtues and gifts of Prospero show with marked splendor. It is only through the presence of Caliban that we learn Prospero's self-possession and the calm disposition of his mind. Caliban stands for the lowest, Prospero for the highest type of man.

The Tempest seems to rage within the breast of Caliban. Its violence, frenzy, and turbulation breaks forth on every occasion. His first entrance upon the stage is one of madness and fury. His first speech is

one of curses and deprecations on Prospero and Miranda, seemingly more violent than it is in reality on account of the preceding calm and delightful speech of Prospero, Miranda and Ariel, the most beautiful and lovely characters of the drama.

Still, in this very first meeting of Caliban and Prospero we see that Caliban's mind retains an image of former joys and true happiness. What remembrances do not move the mind of Caliban when he tells Prospero:

"When thou camest first
Thou strokedst me, madest much of me, wouldst give me
Water with berries in't, and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night; And then I loved thee
And showed thee all the qualities of the isle."

Caliban was child-like once, his spirit at one time filled and governed his unshapen form, and he was happy and contented. Prospero cared for him then and pitied him, savage though he was, he "used him with human care" and "took pains to make him speak, endowing his purposes with words." Miranda was also his mistress and teacher, as we can see from what he answers Stephano when he says that he fell from the moon:

"I have seen thee in her, and do adòre thee,
My mistress showed me thee, and thy dog, and bush."

But then came the disaster, a catastrophe to Caliban, that which severed him from his master and mistress, Prospero and Miranda. His misery was the greater because he had now tasted of the things that make men happy, the pleasures of the spirit.

Like the playful and harmless cub of the tiger, that grows sullen and revengeful in time and is changed into the fierce and blood-thirsty prowler of the jungle, so Caliban had fallen to a station a little higher than that of a demon. The power that controlled the child-

like form in its innocence—the little spirit—could not keep pace with the growth of the uncouth form of the flesh; earth turned master, and imprisoned the spirit within its walls of filth. It was this little spirit that loved Prospero, now it is the revengeful despot “earth” that “rootedly” hates him.

It is the earth that says:

“You taught me language; and my profit on’t
Is I know how to curse. The red plague rid you
For learning me your language!”

Loath are the actions of the groveling monster that now engages our attention. Terrible are the inversions of the language of nature which he employs in his curses. His mind is filled with plans for revenge upon Prospero, whom he looks upon as the cause of all his misery, never for once thinking that his own actions are the cause of his pains. Now every action he does is forced upon him by the superior agencies of Prospero. We feel for him when he enumerates his torments, though at the same time calling down vengeance upon the head of Prospero:

“All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prospero fall and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me
And yet I needs must curse. But they’ll nor pinch
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i’ the mire,
Nor lead me like a fire brand in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid ’em; but
For every trifle are they set upon me;
Sometimes like apes that mow and chatter at me
And after bite me, then like hedgehogs which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way and mount
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.

Like all beings that are governed by force, Caliban sinks deeper and deeper into degradation, until force

alone can make him perform his duty, and from now on he never "yields kind answer to Prospero."

Caliban has no moral sense. The first boon that he asks of Trinculo and Stephano is that they shall help him in seeking his revenge on Prospero. He shows his brutal and craven nature when he does not hesitate to adore the man as a god who has satisfied his senses with "celestial liquor." More brutal still are his plans for the murder of Prospero. We are unconsciously reminded of the grewsome murder perpetrated by the gorilla in Poe's tale of the Rue Morgue, when Caliban tells his means of killing his master:

"There thou mayest brain him,
Having first seized his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife.

"Ill yield him thee in sleep
Where thou mayest knock a nail into his head."

How terrible this language may seem, yet his companions, his would-be civilized superiors, do not even shrug their shoulders as a sign of dissatisfaction. Probably they would have answered in spoken assent, had Ariel not entered upon the scene with his artful "Thou liest." The demoniacal nature in Caliban goads him on to these deeds; had there been the slightest vein of morality in Caliban, Prospero would have drawn it out and cultured it, but it was to no purpose.

"But thy vile race
Though thou didst learn, had that in it which good natures
Could not abide to be with."

"A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers."

Caliban's ideas are seldom mature, they are those of a child. He reasons like a child, and acts like a child

in those moments of calm when the fury gives him rest. He licks the foot of a drunkard and serves him, thinking him greater and more powerful than Prospero. Upon Stephano's word to kill Prospero he is "full of pleasure." In all his actions and in his speech Caliban tries to conceal nothing; there is no cunning nor strategy in his conversations, he makes no secret of his purposes in order to sound the designs of his companions. Ambiguous language is entirely foreign to him, for in the presence of Miranda and Prospero he never observed any efforts to conceal a base action under a veil of deceptive words.

But we have neglected the "little spirit" with which we have endowed Caliban; that small particle of human nature which seems to redeem him. If we search the character of Caliban for some length of time, we find something about him that is new to us; it draws our attention in a peculiar manner, and as we are about to leave him in his form of earth, we are again attracted by something that seems to us of little importance; but upon closer inspection it unfolds his inner nature to us. It is so entirely hidden behind the almost impervious wall of earth, the hideous, uncouth form of flesh, that we obtain but a glimpse of all that we feel a liking for in him.

In the *Merchant of Venice*, Act V, Scene 1, Jessica says:

"I am never weary when I hear sweet music."

And Lorenzo answers:

"The reason is, your *spirits* are attentive.

* * * * *

Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature."

Caliban discerns tune; in Act III, he says: "That's not the tune." And when Ariel intones the proper

melody he expresses himself thus in explanation of the apparition:

“Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open and show riches
Ready to drop upon me, that, when I waked,
I cried to dream again.”

What are the riches that Caliban sees, what are the riches that he, the savage, desires and expects from the clouds if not the little joys of the little spirit within him, enslaved by that brutal exterior nature. These “sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not” are the slight calms that interrupt the tempest that is in his nature. There are two natures fighting in Caliban, one that is necessarily villainous, and another that strives to conquer the exterior nature.

In Act V, Caliban again sees his master, in whom he has seen nothing but the “tyrant” and “sorcerer” throughout the action of the drama, as a common man with “his own strength;” he sees the man whom he has adored as a god helpless in the hands of his master; and he exclaims, “How fine my master is!” Does he again love Prospero? Has a conciliation taken place? Caliban says:

“I’ll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace.”

— Caliban is no longer controlled by force but by the desire to have the pardon of Prospero. Has the weak, little spirit within him conquered? It would seem as if Caliban had again become a child, repentant and “seeking for grace.”

IGNATIUS WAGNER, '04.

Dawn.

A FLASH of light across the night,
Shoots like a golden arrow,
Scatt'ring gladness where there's sadness,
Like smile on face of sorrow.

Ere it falleth, loudly calleth
Unto the queen of night:
"Descend to rest in bed of West;
The East now breaks with light."

High in the air, it hangeth there,
Poised like a Scythian dart,
Ere dropping to a drop of dew,
Its splendors to impart.

Alas, so soon the paling moon,
With train of borrowed light,
Must sink to sleep, in azure deep,
Content to've charmed at night.

From glowing bed of gold and red,
Trippeth the gladd'ning morn
The colors bright from out the night
So gloriously born.

The sun's bright light in all its might,
Is flaming in the sky,
The little bird is once more heard
To sing his treble high.

The East now gleams in fiery streams
The Lord of Day is poised on high.
In dazzling flight he sheds his light,
Upon the earth from out the sky.

On throne of gold, he sitteth bold,
And spreads in his majestic way
His robes so bright; and to the night
He speaks, "Depart, for now 'tis day".

D. LAWRENCE MONAHAN, '06.

The Spanish Missions.*

IT is not my purpose this evening to sound the praises of Columbus or to speak at length of his achievements. It would be impossible to add a single mite to the encomiums that have been showered upon this great man. I purpose, however, to treat of a subject dear to the heart of Columbus—so dear, in fact, that it induced him to undertake the ever memorable voyage which gave to the world another continent and opened a new era in the history of mankind—namely, “The Spanish Missions.”

Whatever some may think or say of the Spanish people, all fair-minded Americans must acknowledge that our country owes to Spain a debt which it can never repay. Other nations of Europe sought to found colonies in America that they might extend their power and dominion, that they might grow stronger politically. Spain, too, was actuated to some extent by these motives; yet, she had a higher and nobler end in view. King Charles V., in a letter to one of his commanders, writes: “Our principal interest in the discovery of new lands is that the inhabitants and natives thereof, who are without light and knowledge of faith, may be brought to understand the truths of our holy Catholic Faith.”

The Spanish built the first cities and established the first churches, schools and universities in America. By 1575, almost a century before a printing-press was set up in English America, books had been printed in twelve different Indian tongues in the City of Mexico, and three Spanish universities were preparing to celebrate their centenaries when Harvard opened its doors.

Contemporary with the discovery of America came the foundation of missions. Missionaries, Franciscan,

*Address delivered before the Columbian Society, October 21st.

Dominican and Jesuit, were foremost in penetrating the forests and rivers of our country. Before the other nations had awakened to the importance of the discovery, Spanish missionairies had traversed many parts of what now comprises the United States and Mexico. Prominent among these are Fathers Padilla, Tolosa, Martinez and Segura.

Even if the efforts of these fathers did not meet with the success which their labors merited, it cannot be said that their work was entirely wanting in good results. They failed largely in their attempt to Christianize the savage, but the reason of their failure must not be sought with the missionaries. The Indians, driven to desperation by the inhuman treatment which they received at the hands of the Spanish colonists, had come to hate every white man in general and every Spaniard in particular, and when the hour of their revenge came, they spared neither persecutor nor benefactor, neither layman nor priest. Yet the words of the latter still lingered in the mind of the savage; the example of mildness and temperance had left its impression. The blood-stained ground remained, a monument of their zeal unto death, and of the truth of their words.

Softened, if not subdued, by the devotion of the martyrs, the hearts of the Indians were more prepared to receive Christianity when a few years later other missionaries, imbued with love for God and the salvation of souls, and unmindful of the fate of former attempts, came to instruct them in the doctrines of Christ. One of these padres wrote that the Indians were willing, nay eager, to hear the word of God.

But now a new and unexpected enemy impeded their work. This last foe, more powerful than all the others, more subtle in his methods, more destructive in his influence, found his origin in the base passions of man.

While the missionaries were seeking to instill into the hearts of the Indian sentiments of morality and religion, Spanish soldiers, professedly Christians, no longer forced to be on the alert for enemies, gave themselves up to licentiousness and debauchery. The natives were made the butt of their inhuman cruelty and were even reduced to a state of abject servitude. Could the missionaries in the face of such obstacles as these show the truth and sublimity of our faith? Was it possible to teach the natives charity, justice, and truth with such examples before their eyes? But in spite of all these hindrances, the success obtained was indeed marvelous. Whole tribes of Indians were converted to the Church, and the natives of Mexico and South America remain to this day loyal to the faith which they received from these early missionaries.

While it was the primary object of the missionaries to bring the light of the gospel to the dusky children of the forest, they did not neglect his physical welfare. History affords us many examples of the efforts of the "Black-robe" to alleviate the sufferings of the natives. When tyrannical rulers enslaved the Indian, the priests were loud in their denunciation of such conduct; and not content with denouncing it, they sought to repair the injury. It is grand to behold the untiring devotion of such men as Las Casas, Montesimo, Zumarraga, and Betanzos, who served their flock in the humblest capacity and journeyed from court to court to obtain redress for them.

When we contemplate the work of the missionaries even in a single tribe, we must accord to them the highest tribute of our admiration; but when we view the extent of their field of labor, when we see them from California to Central America, working against the adverse conditions of the country, ignorant of the languages, habits and customs of the inhabitants, what

words can adequately express our feelings? Extensive, however, as was their field of labor, they still found time to improve the appearance and develop the resources and industries of the country. A distinguished writer has recorded that "they maintained a minute but not uninteresting warfare for many years against the natives of California and against its still ruder soil, until at length they triumphed over the former and as much as possible over the latter."

Today California is famous throughout the country for the excellence of its fruit. Looking into history, we find that it was the monks that introduced these fruits. It was in the orchards of the missions and by the hands of the friars that these trees were first planted and carefully nurtured. The dykes of Southern California likewise owe their existence to the foresight and industry of the missionaries. By means of these dykes, large tracts of arid waste were converted into tillable lands, and where before not even the thistle could exist are now to be seen vast fields of waving grain.

While the country was thus assuming a new appearance, the native, too, kept pace with his surroundings and gradually advanced along the path to civilization. True, that innate cruelty of the Indian could not be entirely rooted out; that inborn treachery could not be completely plucked from the heart; yet his fierce and treacherous disposition was checked and tempered by the doctrines of Christianity. His moral nature was remodeled along lines laid down by Christ. Charity became the actuating power in his life, virtue the guiding principle in all his actions. A rover by nature, he was taught to settle in fixed communities; naturally indolent, he was reformed to methods of industry and application.

Having thus briefly viewed the work of the Spanish

missionaries in North America and the success which attended their labor, the question naturally arises: What are the reasons of their success in fields where men of other denominations have failed completely? A certain writer, commenting upon the Spanish friars in America, says: "They were filled with a zeal, a devotion, a patience the most perfect and persevering." Beholding their utter detachment from things of earth, their entire forgetfulness of self, can we yet wonder why they were successful? The heroic labors and death of Father Jogues have long been familiar to every American school-boy. What Father Jogues was to the East, the Spanish missionaries were to the West. Their zeal knew no obstacle; opposition but rekindled their ardor. With truth ever sublime and beautiful to guide them, with their superhuman love for the souls of the Indians to urge them on, with the promise of Christ to cheer them, could there be a question of failure?

It has been the custom of past ages to decry the work of the Spanish missionaries in America. Their achievements were underrated and sneered at, because little understood. "Maledicant, quod ignorant," I may say in the words of Scripture of those that have only blame for the missionaries. Within recent years, however, a new spirit, more favorable to them has arisen. With a closer study of the early history of our country and a more careful examination into the traces which still remain of the Spanish missions, contempt has grown into admiration. Men like Charles Lummis, thoughtful, sincere and fearless, speak of the work done for the Indians as worthy of the first ages of Christianity. Let us hope, then, that future generations will place the missionary in his true station by the side of the illustrious benefactors of our country.

ROBERT HALPIN, '05.

The Humor of Dickens.

IT is certainly diverting to read the effusions of some critics. The world moves peacefully along, when, all of a sudden, up pops a representative of the species of critic and violently delivers himself of a tirade against some notable man, which he proposes to the world as axiomatic and final.

In a contribution to *Lippincotts*, George Moore gravely rises to inform us that there are no great English writers of fiction, and that there never were any. This delicious bit of unconscious humor would have been enjoyed by Dickens himself. It is the kind of which one of his most famous characters, Jefferson Brick, is repeatedly guilty.

The fact that there is an increasing demand for Dickens' novels, necessitating a number of new editions yearly, is a strong refutation of Mr. Moore's assertion. Sane critics admit, of course, that Dickens has his faults, that he is prone to exaggerate, that there is an excess of detail, that some of his characters are little more than personifications of peculiarities of person, dress, manner, etc. But these blemishes are insignificant alongside of his many and superior merits.

Dickens' strongest claim to permanent popularity lies in his wonderful power of creating persons and scenes, in his broad sympathy, with which he enters into each of his characters, but chiefly in his delightful, ever-flowing humor.

To discuss Dickens as a humorist seems almost absurd, for with Dickens as subject, humor is naturally suggested as predicate. What makes it more preposterous is the fact that Dickens is known to the greater number only as a humorist. It may not be amiss, how-

ever, to indicate some of the sources of the humor which, in Dickens' own words, "has contributed so much to the common stock of cheerful healthfulness and enjoyment."

The student of Dickens cannot fail to perceive that it is the author's purpose to describe the manners and peculiarities of the English people, chiefly those of the lower and middle classes. That he presents a faithful picture is attested by travelers, who find his pictures true to life even at the present day.

What first strikes the reader is the humor contained in the very names of his characters. Mr. Podsnap, Mr. Pumblechook, Mr. Flintwich, Mr. Fezziwig, not to mention the dragon, Sally Brass, are fair specimens. Humorous indeed, but most appropriate, is also the language used by the individuals that live in Dickens' works. Hearing a description of Barkis, who would expect that "willing" gentleman to converse in the ordinary vernacular?

Dickens must have been very observant even as a boy. He knows a boy's joys and sorrows as no other man. How many of us have not been in the same mood as the redoubtable Traddles, when we felt ourselves abused? David Copperfield in telling of him says: "Poor Traddles! In tight sky-blue suit that made his arms and legs look like German sausage, or roly-poly pudding, he was the merriest and most miserable of boys. He was caned every day that half year except one holiday, when he was only rulered on both hands, and always going to write to his uncle about it, but never did it. After laying his head on the desk for awhile, he would cheer up, somehow, begin to laugh and draw skeletons all over his slate before his eyes were dry."

These lines just teem with boyish thought, for it is scarce probable that anyone but a boy would use Ger-

man sausage as a simile for arms and legs. David Copperfield, Traddles and Kit Nubbles are, perhaps his best boy characters.

Whether the boy is well described in the persons of Oliver Twist and Paul Dombey may be left to the individual judgment, although if Oliver's weak nature and his environments are considered, it is not at all impossible that he came from "Greenland" according to the artful dodger's report. Concerning Paul Dombey, the same may be said, but his encounters with Mrs. Pipchin fully illustrate the humor of the small boy, and in this much, at least, he is natural.

A description of a person by Dickens amuses as much as the most clever sketch of an eminent cartoonist. Mr. Tony Weller is described, in general, as a middle-aged man having a superfluity of avoirdupois to support on a pair of extremely short legs. His jovial countenance is indented by a small aperture known in ordinary mortals as a mouth. It is so minute that when he smokes and wishes to converse, he must first remove his pipe, to make room for the words.

Sam, his son, is like the father, slow of movement, with much self-complacency.

"I don't think," said Sam, who was smoking with great composure and enjoyment, "that, if the lady was agreeable, it 'ud be very far out o' the way for us four to make up a club of our own, like the governors does upstairs, and let him"—Sam pointed with the stem of his pipe toward his parent—"be president."

Even despicable characters are a fruitful source of humor. It is peculiar that they can be recognized at once without knowing their function in the story. By some slight touch, the author engages our sympathy or dislike for a character at the very outset. In the case of Mr. Squeers it is the bodily deformities which

repel, as also in that of Quilp, but in Uriah Heep and others it is some peculiarity of manner which at once proclaims his rascality.

Notice the impression conveyed by the following description: "Mr. Squeers was standing by one of the coffee room fire-places. He had but one eye, the popular prejudice being in favor of two. The blank side of his face was much puckered up, which gave him a sinister appearance especially when he smiled, at which times his expression bordered on the villainous, but his coat sleeves being a great deal too long, and his trousers being a great deal too short, he appeared ill at ease in his clothes, and as if he were in a state of perpetual astonishment at finding himself so respectable."

Those who recognize the master mind in the character-sketches of Dickens, must also pay tribute to his imitative descriptions. To clothe a sound in language which will carry to our minds a correct understanding of it, is evidently a most difficult undertaking. In the Christmas Carol the joyous clang of the many church bells is well expressed:

"He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clang, hammer; ding, dong, bell. Bell, dong, ding; clang, clash! O glorious, glorious!"

The humor which is founded upon truth is not transitory, and that of Dickens is of this kind. It has its root "in the perception of character—of the characteristic traits of men and classes of men—and depends for its effect upon truthfulness, dramatic insight, and sympathy." For this reason Dickens will survive, if only in the many household words one finds in both American and British homes, and which have their origin in his works. With what contempt do we not regard a person designated as Uriah Heep? and what

warm feelings do we not cherish for a Charlie Bates? Through his characters Dickens has engendered a love in our hearts which can with difficulty be erased. We furthermore remember the charm of Mr. Dickens' personality, his kind, warm heart, and the generous sympathy he extended to the weak and the poor. What an influence for good was this man and his books! David Copperfield and Little Dorrit; indirectly, of course, led to the abandonment of the custom of imprisonment for debt, and now the Marshalsea has only an historical significance. Nicholas Nickleby conduced as much to the downfall of the Yorkshire school system as Uncle Tom's Cabin to the liberation of the negroes. Many other wholesome results were effected by his works.

Few there are who are neither charmed nor benefited, and who do not rise from a reading of Dickens, kinder, more generous, more forgiving, and happier men.

EDWARD J. PRYOR, '06.



Autumn.

SOME birds are flying, and others have flown
To a milder clime, to a warmer zone.
The wind is sighing; the forest groans;
The leaves are falling, and nature moans.
A chill in the air, a chill in the breeze;
The dews come down—but only to freeze.
The hazy mists lie slumb'ring on high,
As dreary's a cloud in a dreary sky.

M. B., '05.

The Wail of the Dnieper.

(Suggested by the Polish of P. Wiese, '08.)

THE waters of the Dnieper stream
So calm and gently flow,
But on their course they sadly sing
A tale of crime and woe.

The song they sing in plaintive tones
Resounds in many a breast;
Its wailing strains recall the fate
Of those long laid to rest.

There lived on Dnieper's peaceful shores
A happy thriving clan;
The simplest folk in peace and love
Abode with God and man.

The youth and maid with gentle eyes
Knew none but children's ways;
They were the joy of happy homes,
The hope of future days.

But lo! one eve as they did play
The eastern sky grew red,
With timid eyes they watched the glow
Now higher and higher spread.

"O fathers say, what can it be,
This ever red'ning light?
O fathers say, what may it mean,
This strange and fearful sight?"

"Alas, alas, we cannot say,
But go you now to bed,
And pray that God's protecting grace
Be ever o'er us shed."

But while in restful slumbers now
The little band did lay
Unconscious of their childish cares
Dark fate sought out its prey.

For when next morn the clan arose
The morning sun to greet,
Up dashed the Tartars' bloody horde
On steeds so wild and fleet.

"O Hospodyn, save us now!"
They all united cry;
The children to some safe retreat
Are quickly told to fly.

The Tartars' overwhelming force
The Fathers had laid low;
Their coming down the village way
Has told the children so.

In exile they are doomed to go
The world alone to roam;
But youth and maid would rather die
Than leave their fathers' home.

With hellish fury now inflamed
And fiendish, wild delight,
The Tartars' horde bursts in upon
The children's host with might.

They shout and scream, they hack and kill,
The guiltless victims fall;
Some by the sword, some by the brutes
Are dashed against the wall.

Three score well nigh of Tartars' rage
The penalty have paid;
The rest mid yells of vict'ry are
On gory altars laid.

The waters of the Dnieper stream
Send up a wailing tone,
Of youths, who were so ruthlessly
Destroyed, the dying groan.

MATTHEW HELMIG, '06.

A Trolley Picnic.

WE gathered up the last remains of what had been a jolly picnic and flinging them into a basket, strolled off in search of the other members of our party. They had wandered away along the river bank to enjoy the fresh breeze that was stirring, and to watch the sun set behind the distant hills. It was a grand evening. Below us, broad and deep, ran the majestic river. Not a ripple stirred its placid surface. But for the occasional flapping of bat wings and a hurried flight by the owner, all was quiet and serene. We sat thus enjoying these lovely scenes of nature until it became quite dark. Then we turned back to the park to prepare for the trip home.

It was a merry crowd of picknickers that boarded the outgoing car which was carry us to our homes after a day of innocent diversion. Songs, cheers and merry peals of laughter rang through the air. The car had a level stretch before it, and sped along at a brisk rate until we came to Corkscrew Bend where the speed is always lessened for fear of an accident. The motorman applied his brake, and all seemed right, when suddenly there was a click, then a crash—the brake had broken!

Down the first hill we sped, turning the corner abruptly and nearly overturning the car. Not until then did we recognize our peril. All made a mad dash for the door, only to be forced back by the white-faced conductor, who had faithfully kept his post. Here we stood, trembling with fear, while he yelled above the noise of the speeding car: "Keep quiet and wait. To jump means death!"

Just then we turned the second bend. The car had by this time gathered terrific speed, and at the short turn we were all thrown back, some receiving severe bruises, so much so that to add to the already overflowing excitement we had to listen to their painful cries. The women had by this time become quite uncontrollable. Some had fainted, while others were on the verge of hysterics. The car had but one more turn to make, but we felt as if death would surely meet us there, for it was the sharpest of the three. The motor-man in the meantime had tried the emergency brake, but probably owing to want of use, this failed to work. Now we were all seated again, holding tightly to the seats, and expecting every moment to meet our end. We were just about to turn the last bend when the wheels began to grind, and the groan of applied brakes told us that the "emergency" had been successful. The speed of the car gradually diminished till it finally came to a standstill. The damaged brake was repaired. The grinding of the brakes had worn the wheels so badly that as we rode again, it jarred the car most uncomfortably.

Not until the lights of the city began to glimmer in our view did we breathe easily, and when at last we reached our station, our hearts overflowed with thanks for our preservation.

D. LAWRENCE MONAHAN, '06.



The Prison Poet.

"Heaven's dove, when highest he flies,
Flies with thy heavenly wings."

Crashaw on religious poetry.

DURING the Augustan age of our literature, while Spencer produced the immortal "Fairie Queen," and Shakespeare presented to the world his wonderful dramas, there appeared on the scene of literary action another great poet whose very existence was perhaps unknown to his famous contemporaries. This was the heroic martyr and Christian poet, Robert Southwell, justly styled by Allibone "The Father of Religious Poetry."

He was one of those devout and zealous missionaries of the Society of Jesus who, in spite of the severe laws passed against the "papists" in general, and priests in particular, ventured to set foot on the soil of England, to comfort and relieve the faithful, who were groaning under the religious persecution and tyrannical government of the despotic and sanguinistic Elizabeth. While engaged in the performance of his sacred functions, he was treacherously betrayed into the hands of the infamous "priest-hunters" by a disguised penitent. At the queen's gracious pleasure, he was imprisoned in the Tower and, during the space of three years subjected to the most agonizing tortures. He was finally brought to trial, charged with treason against Her Majesty, and unjustly and barbarously executed at Tyburn, in the presence of a great concourse of people.

The memory of Southwell will ever be perpetuated in the writings which he has transmitted to posterity. His poems are as a mirror in which the gentle disposition of his character, his love for souls, and his burning desire to be united to his God by the bonds of divine love are clearly represented. As they were composed within the walls of a gloomy prison, and during the intervals of cruel bodily rackings, we are not surprised to find that his themes are mostly of a

religious, or, at least, of a serious nature. Death, which was ever before his vision in the dark dungeon, was one of his favorite topics. In his mortal anguish caused by the inhuman treatment, we hear him exclaim:

“In playnte I pass the length of ling’ring dayes;
Free would my soule from mortal body flye,
And tread the track of Death’s desired ways.”

His works are not free from the faults of the time, such as euphuisms, quaint turns of expression, and other peculiar mannerisms; but the simplicity and elegance of thought, the purity of sentiment, and beauty of language cover these imperfections. “In all the religious and moral poems of Southwell,” says Thos. Arnold, “there is a liberal use of figure, trope, metaphor, similitude, and all such poetic devices; but the deep, strong, loving heart beneath sanctifies and excuses the extravagance, if any there be, in the language.”

The strength and tenderness of his religious nature are beautifully expressed in his “Burning Babe,” a Christmas hymn to the Child Jesus. The exquisitely pure feeling, the mystic light and heat of the language employed in this poem at once deeply interest the reader. It even gained the admiration of “rare Ben Jonson,” who praised it as a poem of great beauty. He is reported to have said: “Southwell was hanged; yet so I had written that poem of his, ‘The Burning Babe,’ I would have been content to destroy many of mine.”

Fifty-five beautiful poems from his classic pen still survive the pious author. They show a true poetic power, and are remarkable for their harmony and perspicuity. The longest but not the best, is “St. Peter’s Complaynt,” consisting of one hundred and thirty stanzas. Modern critics declare this poem to bear a close resemblance to Shakespeare’s “Lucrece,” and it is thought that the latter used it as a model.

"Our Lady's Salutation" marks his tender devotion to the Mother of God, whose name was at that time forbidden to be pronounced in England. "I Die Alive," the loveliest and most pathetic of his prison songs, describes his yearning to be freed from this vesture of clay, and to be clothed with the garment of immortality. In his "Content and Rich," a felicitous example of the epigram, he portrays his calm resignation and contentment in times of adversity as well as prosperity.

"No change of fortune's calms,
Can cast my comforts down;
When fortune smiles, I smile to think
How quickly she will frown."

In conclusion, we turn for a glimpse at a specimen of his prose writings, the apparently neglected "Marie Magdalen's Funerall Teares." Many readers who look rather to form than to substance may consider this devotional treatise inartistic in construction and marred by an over-fervid profusion of religious imagery; but such faults are comparatively trivial when weighed in the balance with the earnest, genuine tone of piety, the beauty and richness of thought, and the deepened insight into the heights and depths of divine love contained in the volume.

Southwell found many imitators in his style of religious poetry. His influence and example are easily observed in the works of Crashaw, Herbert, and other devout lyrical poets of later times. He deserves well of his country whose literature he enriched with the choice productions of his serene mind and poetic soul; he deserves well of religion and the souls of his countrymen, for whose sake he made the sacrifice of his life; and we today place upon his brow not merely the poet's fragile wreath, but also the brilliant diadem of martyrdom, a gift which has crowned the heroic efforts of many a worthy son of St. Ignatius.

F. WACHENDORFER, '05.

The St. Joseph's Collegian,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR BY

The Students of St. Joseph's College.

SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM. 10c. PER COPY

All letters and communications should be addressed: "THE COLLEGIAN,"
Collegeville, Ind.

Entered at the Post-Office, Collegeville, Ind., as second-class matter

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Editorials.

FOLLOWING last year's custom, we have again offered prizes for the three best stories or narratives pertinent to Christmas, to be published in the holiday number. Everyone with moderate abilities should put forth his best efforts in this competition and win a prize. A happy idea, worked out with skill into a story, or an elegant little description may bring, if not the first, at least the second or third prize. The contest closes on the thirteenth of December.

MANY of the disappointments and vexations which students experience may be traced to their disregard of the little maxim, "Do it now." Students often often complain of overwork. If this is owing to the fact that they have too many classes, it can be remedied, but the cause for this complaint must often be sought elsewhere. The truth is that it is not the quantity or quality of work that appalls and discourages, but the constant irritation of many little things left undone, opportunities lost or misused. These rise up in the mind, vex and burden the memory, reproach the negligent, and often give rise to troubles of a more serious nature. Work should be done as it comes before us; duties should be performed at the right time. "Do not put off till tomorrow what can be done today," is a maxim valuable as time. What must be done should be done now and without delay. The height of wisdom, then, is to make the most of life's best moments, if we are to realize a future free from regrets of golden opportunities lost in the past.



AND now comes another of the wise predictions from the University of Chicago, which states that within forty years the countries of Canada, Mexico and the three-day old Republic of Panama will be united to the United States under the Stars and Stripes. It is strange that the professor did not say "within one hundred years," for people would put more faith in his prophecies. What bright hopes, however, are here held out to the ardent American expansionist! What plans and intrigues will he not inaugurate to bring about a more speedy realization of this happy prediction. The professor's prophecy seems

to imply a sanction of all the means that have been employed, and may yet be employed, to bring about the wished-for result.



ONE of the prime essentials of a comprehensive and thorough education is ability in writing. Knowledge is priced at its highest value and more keenly appreciated when its possessor can give it proper expression. That it is an absolute necessity for young men nowadays, no one will question. Skill and proficiency cannot be attained, however, by a single stroke of the pen. Only a genius is a born writer, and conceding that we do not possess this gift, we must be content to labor and strive for the end. Diligent application and persistent practice in art is the key to success. Writing is certainly an art, and a very delicate one. "Writing maketh an exact man," says Bacon, and if this were the only culture accruing from it, it would be of sufficient worth and importance to cultivate and acquire it. Without wishing to enter into lengthy directions concerning the art of writing, formation of style, etc., of which the books of rhetoric give complete instructions, we will quote the following simple rules, which may help the student to acquire correct habits in writing. Sir Walter Beat says: "Practice early and much, writing something original every day; cultivate the habit of observation; work regularly at self-appointed hours, read no rubbish, aim at the formation of style. For the sake of acquiring good style and acquiring a command of language, read poetry." With these simple principles before him, the young aspirant for literary fame, will not fail to make some progress towards the acquisition of a faultless and serviceable style.

IN the November number of the *North American Review* there appeared a very interesting article, entitled "Is Foot-Ball Good Sport?" by a University president. The writer states some very convincing arguments why the game should not be classified as "a good sport." The objections which he urges regard not so much the relations of the game to the physical and moral life of the student, as to the defects of the game regarded simply as good or bad sport. He deplores the physical danger of the game, inequality in weight of the men, the rendering futile of good play by opposition and interference, mere chance of time in the halves, the introduction of fresh substitutes into play, and finally the great inequality of the scores. Very serious, but, at the same time, very correct objections. It seems that to change the game to meet the objections advanced would practically destroy it. The author appeals to the fair-mindedness of the American youth. "Fair play," says he, is one of the ideals of Americans." He does not comprehend, why, with all our inventive genius, we should not be able to discover a method of ridding the game of unfitness and unfairness. We quote: "The athletic ambitions of the college student at present are in foot-ball to a large degree. It is a pity that these ambitions cannot be centered upon a sport in which the element of chance shall be eliminated as far as possible, skillful and strenuous effort meet no interference, the common conditions of fairness be preserved, results that have been honorably won receive due credit, and the final scores be measurably close."



Exchanges.

WE have always looked upon the *Notre Dame Scholastic* as an ideal college journal, and the numbers this year have strengthened this impression. Essay, fiction, and verse are so interspersed in its pages as to call forth the admiration of the most critical. The knack of short-story writing the editors of the *Scholastic* possess in an eminent degree. The merit lies not so much in the stories themselves as in the way they are told. The editorials are models of good English, and teem with thoughts pertinent to students. Varsity Verse is a strong feature of the journal. Why no exchange column, *Scholastic*?

The month of November brought a new visitor, *The Academia*, containing many bits of enjoyable reading, to our sanctum. It bids fair to rival some of its more pretentious sisters in the realm of journalism. The articles bespeak great literary activity among the students. "Crowned by Sacrifice" promises to be an excellent story. We eagerly await the continuation. One short poem will hardly satisfy the demands of the Muses. The editors of the *Academia* cannot excuse themselves on the score of inability, for, surely, where there are writers of such sparkling prose, there must be some with a vein for poetry.

The *S. V. C. Student*, though hailing from the land of perpetual summer, betrays little of that inertia which is popularly supposed to accompany summer. The distribution of story and essay is good, but verse is almost entirely neglected. More polishing and pruning on the articles—for most of which we have otherwise nothing but praise—would greatly enhance their

worth. The writer of a "Modern Rip Van Winkle" killed an exquisitely humorous production by making it a dream. Indiscriminate reading is worn-out material touched up and refreshed into an interesting composition. "The Ocean" contains some beautiful thoughts, but the utter disregard for metre and rhythm obscure whatever merits it may possess.

The pleasing intermixture of light and heavy matter and the general excellence of the articles in the *Abbey Student* make it one of the best journals of the month. The essays show diligent research on the part of their authors. A "Study of Exordiums," somewhat of a departure from the ordinary contents of a college journal, is deserving of praise. The exquisite music of *The Student's* verse strongly tempted us to call it poetry. "Foiled" is, in our opinion, the most natural of the stories, although "A Midnight Flight" is also not without merit. The editorials are lacking in interest and are rather long.

Of all the weeklies coming to our table, one of the most commendable is the *Catholic Universe*. It gives the news of the whole Catholic world in a bright and entertaining way, devoid of all sensationalism. One feature of the *Universe* especially deserving of praise is the "Cozy Corner." The editorials are, as a rule, spicy and thoughtful, and deal with vital issues of the day.

Another paper which we invariably hail with delight is the *Boston Pilot*. Reliability, freshness, and dignity characterize its pages. For tyranny and oppression wherever they are found, the *Pilot* has always had a voice of condemnation, but it is especially energetic in its denunciation of England's continued disregard of the interests of the Irish people.

Library Notes.

What the Church Teaches. By the Rev. Father Drury. Benziger Bros. Price, 30 cents.

We heartily recommend Father Drury's "What the Church Teaches" to every lover of truth. In this little volume the author has found an agreeable medium between the Catechism and Hand-books of Theology. The truths of our faith, as the title indicates, are explained in a simple, concise and, nevertheless, elegant manner. Father Drury has not been satisfied with placing the divine truths before the public, but in many instances gives grounds for belief, which will carry conviction to an upright mind. Furthermore, he treats at some length the common errors of the day, e. g., those concerning Infallibility, Divorce, etc.

The spirit of piety which pervades the whole work produces a favorable impression on the reader. It is a book to animate the faith of Catholics and instruct the candid and sincere searcher after truth. While there are other books similar in scope to Father Drury's, we hope this one will meet with a hearty reception.

The Little Folks Annual, published by Benziger Bros., has just been issued for the year 1904. It contains many instructive lessons for children, supplemented with a complete calendar of the new year. The stories are written in a simple but faultless style, and are calculated to charm as well as instruct. The illustrations are well chosen and artistic. Those wishing to have innocent and instructive reading for children will do well to purchase the "Little Folk's Annual." Price, 10 cents.

The finest picture of Pope Pius X. that we have thus far seen, is published by Benziger Bros. It is a reproduction in colors of Kaufman's portrait, and we can truly say that it looks like a genuine oil painting.

The colors have a soft, rich glow, and are most harmoniously blended. A picture of this kind deserves to be called a work of art notwithstanding the fact that it is only a reproduction. No better ornament for the home can be desired. Price, free by mail, 50 cents.

For some time past it has been a source of pride to Catholics to possess a monthly magazine that is the equal of the best ones published in this country in point of literary merit, variety of matter, general ability to entertain and to instruct, and healthy moral tone. This is **Benziger's Magazine**. It has only a five years' existence, but its growth has been phenomenal. The publishers seem to have intended from the beginning to make it an ideal family magazine, and such it certainly is now. The novels, stories, and special articles are by our best writers, and very happily interspersed. The articles on popular subjects are not only ably written, but are also new in matter. In a certain sense it may be said that a home in which Benziger's Magazine is kept can dispense with every other, since Benziger's provides reading matter on practically all subjects. It reviews current events and the latest books, has a Question Box, Prize Competitions, takes note of new inventions, curiosities, etc., and has also a Woman's and Young Folk's Department. The illustrations are not only numerous, but conceived and executed by artists.

There is no doubt that Benziger's Magazine fully deserves the popularity which it has acquired. Its success is abundant proof of the fact that the Catholic reading public prefers a paper that is pure, healthy, and Catholic in tone to any other, provided it offers equal advantages in the matter and form of its contents.

The subscription price of two dollars puts it within the reach of many that cannot well afford the sum asked for some of the other high-class magazines.

Societies.

C. L. S. On Sunday, November 8th, the Colum-
bians were entertained by the following program:

- Piano DuetO. Knapke, I. Weis
Recitation—"The Champion Snorer"E. Vurpillat
Declamation—"Guilty or not Guilty"A. Scheidler
Debate—"Resolved, That the Printing Press has Done
Greater Service to Mankind than the Steam Engine."
Aff., T. Quinlan; Neg., M. Helmig
Song—"The Grenadiers",
Rev. J. Henkel, accompanied by Rev. A. Weyman
OrationWm. Lieser
Humorous Narrative—"The Theater Party"E. Pryor

With one exception, there was no need of prompt-
ing. The delivery of the speakers and declaimers was
good, being marked by self-possession, earnestness,
and correct use of gesture.

In the meeting held November 15th, the Columbians
held their usual quarterly election. The result of
the election was as follows:

- PresidentR. Halpin
Vice-PresidentA. Scheidler
SecretaryM. Bodine
TreasurerM. O'Conner
CriticJ. Steinbrunner
EditorE. Lonsway
MarshalJ. Sullivan
Executive Committee }A. Koenig
 }M. Ehleringer
 }D. Monahan

Before the elections our instructor in Parliamentary
Law, Hon. E. P. Honan, addressed the society on the
importance of making good nomination speeches.
Some of the members evidently profited by his re-

marks, as their speeches showed. C. Frericks' speech especially was noted for good sense, force, and sincerity, winning Mr. Honan's hearty commendation.

The society is learning to conduct its meetings in a manner that would do honor to any parliamentary body. Complications will arise, and they are even desired for the reason that they are very instructive. After much parliamentary wrangling and many corrections from the teacher, the Columbians succeeded in passing, after the third reading, an amendment which puts some restrictions upon the admission of new members. The Columbians feel that they are greatly indebted to Mr. Honan for their progress in parliamentary law and public speaking, and they desire to express publicly their hearty appreciation of his work.

A. L. S. Representatives of the Aloysian Society appeared in public on Sunday, November 15th, with a well prepared and tasty program. A variety of selections, including short comic scenes, made the program very entertaining. The following is the order of the same as presented:

Piano and Violin Duet.....	O. Knapke, E. Neumeyer
Declamation—"Oratory and Art"	J. Costello
Recitation—"How It Struck Jim"	L. Nageleisen
Music—Piano Duet	O. Knapke, I. Weis
Oration—"There is a God"	N. Allgeier
Humorous Recitation—"Musquitoes"	J. Weber
Recitation—"The Fate of Virginius"	F. Rainey
"The Aloysian"	J. Miller
Piano and Clarionet Duet.....	O. Knapke, F. Wachendorfer

With one or two exceptions the parts were well memorized and well delivered. The applause which several speakers received was well merited. Special praise is due to J. Costello, F. Rainey, N. Allgeier, and L. Nageleisen. F. Rainey, in particular, deserves commendation for his masterly delivery. The gentleman has a peculiar grace and affability in his de-

livery, which is sure to win the attention and applause of the audience. The Aloysians may justly be proud of their first public appearance this year. Special thanks are due to their Rev. Spiritual Director, Father Nicholas Greiwe, who took much pains in drilling the boys in their several selections.

J. H. STEINBRUNNER, '05.



To the Sun.

HAIL, glorious Sun!
Celestial orb of light!
Who ever and anon
Cheers earth from morn till night.
The flowers thee to greet
Their heads in homage bend,
And thou in fullest mete
Rich jewels on them dost spend.

Hail, Ruler of the day!
Placed high on regal throne.
Who sheds each golden ray
That charms the earthly zone.
The skylark sings to thee
Her sweet mellifluous notes,
All warblers of the lea
Chime in with little throats.

Hail, wondrous light!
Proclaim thy Maker's praise.
The ancients steeped in night,
Adored thy golden blaze.
Through valley, meadow, dale,
Diffuse afar thy beams,
All nature in regale,
Rejoices in thy gleams.

F. WACHENDORFER, '05.

Athletics.

ON Sunday, November 8, the *'Varsity* met and defeated the *Invincibles* in the finest game of football witnessed on the local gridiron this year. The game was interesting and exciting throughout, and was won by the steady plunges and well directed end runs of the *'Varsity*.

Hoerstman won the toss and chose the kick-off. O'Donnell kicked to O'Connor, who returned the ball fifteen yards. On the next down the *'Varsity* lost the ball on a fumble. By steady line hits the *Invincibles* brought the ball to the *'Varsity's* eight-yard line, but the *'Varsity* braced and held for downs. Shea punted to Hoerstman on the 40-yard line, who was downed in his tracks by Rainey. Then, by a series of well massed line plunges the *Invincibles* worked their way to the *'Varsity's* 15-yard line, where Hoerstman was sent around right end for a touch-down. Weber punted but no one heeled. Score: *Invincibles*, 5; *'Varsity*, 0.

Shea kicked to Fisher on the 5-yard line, who let the ball pass him and was downed by Rainey for a safety. Score: *Invincibles*, 5; *'Varsity*, 2.

O'Donnell kicked to Shea who returned the ball twenty yards. Here the *'Varsity* braced, and by a series of line bucks brought the ball up to their 40-yard line, where Monahan went around right end, with good interference for 45 yards, where he was pulled down by Lieser. Rainey now made five yards on the quarter-back play. O'Connor and Shea made good gains through tackle, but time was called with the ball in the *'Varsity's* possession on the 10-yard line.

In the second half Shea kicked to Saccone, who was tackled by Rainey after he had made 10 yards.

The 'Varsity now held for downs, and then started on a march towards the goal which all the efforts of the Invincibles could not stop. With the ball on the 25-yard line, O'Connor went around, right end for eight yards. Monahan made four yards through tackle. Then, by sturdy line hitting the ball was downed on the 4-yard line, where Monahan was pushed over for a touch-down. Shea missed goal. Score: 'Varsity, 7; Invincibles, 5.

Weber kicked to O'Connor, who brought the ball back twenty yards. Then the 'Varsity again began their steady line gains until the ball was downed on the fifteen yard line, when Shea went around the left end for a touch-down. There was a lively dispute concerning this point, as the crowd had flocked upon the field in the gathering darkness and interfered with the tacklers. It was decided not to count this touch-down. Time was called while this play was being executed. The features of the game were the line plunges of Shea, the end runs of O'Connor and Monahan, and the tackling of Rainey.

For the Invincibles O'Donnell led in the line hitting, while both Hoerstman and Fisher did good work around the ends. Weber led in tackling.

The defensive work of the 'Varsity was the better. The line-up is as follows.

Varsity	Invincibles
J. Miller.....	L. E..... Saccone
Kaib.....	L. T..... Hasser
Mauntel.....	L. G..... Grimmer
P. Miller.....	C..... Lieser
Seimetz.....	R. G..... Bath
Howe.....	R. T..... Gallagher
Donahue.....	R. E..... Keller
Rainey.....	Q. B..... Weber
O'Conner.....	L. H. B..... Hoerstman
Monahan.....	R. H. B..... Fisher
Shea.....	F. B..... O'Donnell

Touch-downs, Hoerstman, Monahan. Safety, Fisher. Umpire, R. J. Halpin. Referee, A. J. Koenig. Linesmen, Bergman and Fries. Time of halves, twenty minutes.

NOVEMBER 15, 1903.

'Varsity 5—Invincibles 0.

The weather was dark and threatening as the padded warriors trotted on the field, with a chilly breeze blowing from the south. Capt. O'Connor of the 'Varsity won the toss and chose the kick-off. Monahan kicked over the line. Just now a heavy down-pour of rain delayed the game, which was soon resumed in a drizzling rain. Monahan kicked to Weber, who returned ten yards, where he was downed by O'Connor. The Invincibles then did fine work around the ends, advancing the ball to the 'Varsity's 25-yard line. But here the 'Varsity held. O'Donnell tried a place kick, but failed. Saccone secured the ball, but it went over. The 'Varsity then made their yards on line plunges, but the Invincibles held. Shea was to punt, but the pass resulted in a fumble, out of which the 'Varsity secured the ball on their own 2-foot line. Then, by successive line hits the 'Varsity advanced the ball to the 15-yard line, when time was called.

In the second half O'Connor took Rainey's place. Rainey going to right guard. O'Donnell kicked to O'Connor who was downed by Hoerstman after a gain of fifteen yards. The 'Varsity made their gains twice, but the Invincibles then held, and Shea punted. The ball went out of bounds and was secured by the 'Varsity on the Invincibles' 20-yard line. Then, by vigorous mass plays through tackle by Lonsway and Shea, Shea was at last pushed over for a touch-down. Monahan missed goal.

Three minutes remained to play. O'Donnell kicked to Rainey who returned ten yards where he was downed by Weber. The whistle blew with the ball in the 'Varsity's possession on the 40-yard line.

The game was the best of the season. The sides were so evenly matched, and both played such a fast game, that the result was not sure until the final whistle blew.

The line up :

Varsity	Invincibles
Gnibba.....	L. E..... Saccone
Meiering.....	L. T..... Birkmeier
Boeke.....	L. G..... Miller
O'Conner and Seimetz.....	C..... Lieser
Seimetz and Rainey.....	R. G..... Grimmer
Donahue.....	R. T..... Keller
Ramp.....	R. E..... Schumacher
Monahan.....	Q. B..... Weber
O'Conner and Rainey.....	L. H. B..... Hoerstman
Lonsway.....	R. H. B..... Bryan
Shea.....	F. B..... O'Donnell

Touch-down, Shea. Referee, Jos. Steinbrunner. Umpire, J. A. Sullivan. Time-keeper, P. B. Besinger, C.P.P.S. Time of halves, fifteen minutes.

D. LAWRENCE MONAHAN, '06.



Personals.

St. Joseph's was pleased to entertain the following guest in the month of November:

The Very Rev. D. Duemich, D.D., Avilla, Ind.; Very Rev. John Guendling, Peru, Ind.; Rev. Charles Guendling, Lafayette, Ind.; Rev. Benedict Raszanny, East Chicago, Ind.

Mr. Stephen Didier, Russia, O., on a trip to Chicago, called on his sons at the college, Rev. Prof. Basil Didier, C.P.P.S., and Mr. Felix Didier.

Joseph and Milton Bryan were happy to entertain their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Denis E. Bryan, of Indianapolis, Ind.

Mr. George Miller, Indianapolis, Ind., spent a pleasant Sunday with his son, Herbert Miller. John Bergman was also delighted to have the company of his father, Mr. Henry Bergman, Kokomo, Ind.

A. S., '05.

Gleanings.

"Gloomy prospects for gloomy people in gloomy times," says Gloomy.

Alea jacta! Caesar crossed the Rubicon. Teddy is shivering, and the woodpile with him.

Oats wanted for Bodine's Pegasus; Ambrosia, for his Muse.

Gloomy, Sleepy and Happy, the three sisters that spin the thread of every man's life.

Paul: "What became of the apple on my desk?"

Albert: "I gave it to a hungry boy."

Paul: "Good. Here, have another. But who was that hungry boy?"

Albert: "Myself."

One day Schumacher examined the sun with a piece of smoked glass and discovered that it had the smallpox. Really, next day it was quarantined behind the clouds.

Some one made the remark that Pete Peiffer looks like the "afternoon shadow of another man."

Albert: "Why are the woodpeckers putting acorns into the bark of trees?"

Matthew: "They are putting up sourkrout for winter, don't you see?"

Lines from the wastebasket:

Winter is coming,
The winds are humming
A tedious song.

Snowflakes are falling,
Snowbirds are calling
A tedious song.

I do not like it,
And therefore I call it
A tedious song.

Everybody coming from the barbershop says he had a "close shave."

A.: "Do you know why doctors advise you to take plain meals, stop smoking and drinking?"

B.: "No."

A.: "Because they want you to save money to pay their bills."

"Goats are fine animals," says Ben, "and if I were at home, my parents would have one."

The other day John cut a piece of bread and laid it beside his plate. Soon Maurice reached for it. John stopped him and said: "That's my piece; cut your own."

Maurice: "Oh, I thought I was the loaf."

McCarthy: "Did you ever see the Catskill mountains?"

O'Donnell: "No, but I've seen cats kill rats."

"When in the common course of human events"—nonsense! "The 'ayes' (eyes) seemed to have it, but the 'nos' (nose) got it."

Bob: "Who was that making so much noise?"

Teddy: "Matthew, I reckon."

Bob: "I thought Matt. and Zipp combined efforts."

Great production of a great poet, who took for his subject his nearest neighbor:

"His eyes are dark, his lips are blue,
The head is flat, and the brains are few."

Richard exclaimed, after philosophizing in geometry: "That must be equal by hypothesis or by construction."

Sutter to Lieser: "First on your turnups (turnips)."

Lieser, J.; "I don't know whether I'll turn up today or not."

We read big accounts of earthquakes in our local papers the last few days, and have felt them ourselves. Scientists of our place are confounded as to their cause and regularity of time with which they occur. Every evening, about 6:30, and on Sundays before that time, you can feel shocks which seem to center north of the main building. So far some cracks in the plastering on the ground floor of the Caecilia Building are the only serious damage. The geologists and seismologists of St. Joseph's were called upon to solve the mystery. The result will be published in the near future.

Latest publication, A NEW LATIN GRAMMAR, by B. F. Herman. The world is stunned by this wonderful production. It has been compiled for the express convenience of the indolent disciple who nevertheless longs most insatiably to accumulate a

circum-comprehensive cognition of the archaic Romanic phraseology. The author most uncompromisingly asseverates that the memorizing of signs of ideas will be unnecessary. This book is most delicately aesthetic in form, and bound in the tenderest peach-blow tissue. It has a lyrical poetical effusion on its first pages, which displays profound cogitation on Hellenic Mythology. The paradigm of the first declension is "puella," which, to use the author's own expression, "ought to cause no one any exertion in memorizing"; in the second declension he places before us "vinum" which has undoubtedly already entered the mind of many; in the third he modestly suggests "libertas" and "dormiens"; fourthly he parades before us a welcome "exitus"; the fifth declension he deems contingent and unnecessary, only comprising the ancient and obsolete forms, "fides," "spes," etc., hence "*New Latin Grammar*." The matter is concise, the style profuse and somnambulistic. On the whole, it will serve well as a holiday gift to any young friend. Published by B. F. Herman, Collegeville, Ind., and Weekes & Co., London, Eng.

Not to be behind Prof. Garner and the other great scientists of the day, we have also made some investigation into the language of animals. Our researches have led us to believe that the speech of monkeys, cats, and asses are somewhat indistinct, and rather expressive of a state of feeling than of thought, some of their exclamations expressing joy as well as sorrow.

But in the case of the crow (*corvus corone*) we have detected a gleam of intelligence. On cold mornings, and even on the day preceding, it cries in French *frois, frois*. While the "f" is somewhat indistinctly uttered, approaching the "k", this does not materially decrease the value of the observation, we think, since Prof. Garner's animals also pronounce very indistinctly.

Later: We may be able to enlighten the world still more in this matter in our next issue, since one of us is now the happy possessor of a crow.

"CRITIQUE OF POE'S BELLS."

When Poe rang his bells loudly and discordantly into the astonished ears of the more astonished world of poetical scribblers, he did not, in the least, nor in any way whatever, realize that he was sadly imposing upon the public, who in turn did not realize that they were being sorely imposed upon. It is my happy purpose to ring, crack, and disintegrate its composite parts. A bell if properly elevated will do its duty according to its capacity; but let that pass. We wish to treat the psychological aspects of the bell; in other words, how it came about that Poe wrote the "Bells", and in how far he completely failed. Poe has reference to every possible bell that happened to ring upon his bewildered brain. But we wish to give the public the full benefit of these bells. We have read Poe's Memoirs, and found that he died where he had lived, though only after making a thorough acquaintance of his parents. We subjoin a new version of the bells, which we hope will be both rung and wrung in as quiet a manner as possible.

"Hear the rusty morning bell,

(N. B.—Mark the point of excellence.
Poe is disgracefully silent about morning bells.)

Pewter bell,
Anti-slumbering bell,
Hear it grumble from afar
Full of jar.
Swinging, swinging, ringing, ringing,
Plinkety, plinkety, plunk.

And the ringer's heavy shoes
Bring up early morning blues.
 Chinkety, chinkety, chunk.
They rasp and they grate
Like the shears of the Fate.
 And with many a moan,
 Heart-rending groan,
The dreamer with villainous mien
Shoots out from the land of the Seem.

Darkness was great
In eye and in pate,
And Fate lay in wait
For the ringer sedate,
Who, timing his time by the moon,
Banged just one hour too soon.
 Out flew a shoe
 To render his due.
The shoe hit well,
And a murthering yell
Ends the tale of the bell.
 Ding, dong, dell.

D. R. W., '09.

We have the public welfare at heart, and with every number of the COLLEGIAN we shall present some interesting but misconstrued subject upon which enlightenment is extremely necessary.



Honorary Mention.

The names of those students that have made 95-100 per cent in conduct and application during the last month appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90-95 per cent.

CONDUCT AND APPLICATION.

95-100 PER CENT.

A. Koenig, I. Wagner, F. Didier, B. Alt, E. Lonsway, J. Steinbrunner, B. Quell, R. Halpin, M. Bodine, A. Schaefer, F. Wachendorfer, A. Scheidler, W. Scheidler, R. Schwietermann, L. Monahan, M. O'Connor, E. Pryor, T. Quinlan, M. Shea, J. Sullivan, B. Wellman, M. Ehleringer, V. Meagher, J. Becker, R. Rath, C. Frericks, N. Allgeier, C. Boeke, J. Bryan, C. Fischer, D. Fitzgerald, E. Freiburger, F. Gribba, N. Keller, J. McCarthy, J. O'Donnell, E. Vurpillat, I. Collins, O. Hentges, F. May, H. Grube, I. Weis, C. Kloeters, R. Beck, J. Costllo, M. Lang, G. Meier, J. Miller, P. Peiffer, J. Seimetz, M. Schumacher, E. Olberding, A. Scherrieb, P. Wiese, B. Condon, J. Boland, H. Fuertges, J. Grimmer, E. Haab, E. Hasser, L. Hildebrand, L. Kaib, A. Michaely, L. Nageleisen, E. Neumeier, E. Ernst, N. Weinkauf, W. Coffeen, J. Bultinck, T. Coyne, U. Reitz, J. Ramp, B. Hoerstman, H. Dahlinghaus, W. Meiering, F. Moorman, L. Huelsman, J. Lieser, B. Schmitz, A. Sutter, J. Von der Haar, A. Birkmeier, L. Bergman, H. Fries, P. Gase, J. Saccone, M. Bryan, J. Donohue, E. Mauntel, G. Ohleyer, R. Ruppert, L. Sulzer, P. Caesar, B. Gallagher.

90-95 PER CENT.

M. Helmig, O. Knapke, F. Kocks, A. Linneman, E. Howe, F. Rainey, E. Spornhauer, A. Teehan, W. Lieser, P. Miller, J. Bath, D. Senefeld, A. Saccone, L. Scohy.

CLASS WORK.

90-100 PER CENT.

I. Wagner, J. Steinbrunner, R. Halpin, M. Bodine, F. Wachendorfer, A. Scheidler, R. Schwieterman, L. Monahan, E. Pryor, B. Wellman, M. Ehleringer, O. Knapke, C. Frericks, N. Allgeier, C. Boeke, C. Fischer, F. Gribba, I. Collins, F. May, H. Grube, I. Weis, F. Kocks, A. Linneman, C. Kloeters, R. Beck, P. Peiffer, J. Seimetz, E. Olberding, P. Wiese, B. Condon, J. Boland, J. Grimmer, E. Hasser, L. Kaib, L. Nagel-eisen, E. Neumeier, E. Ernst, W. Coffeen, A. Teehan, T. Coyne, B. Hoerstman, W. Lieser, W. Meiering, F. Moorman, L. Huelsman, J. Lieser, J. Von der Haar, J. Donohue, G. Ohleyer.

84-90 PER CENT.

A. Koenig, B. Alt, F. Didier, W. Scheidler, M. O'Connor, T. Quinlan, J. Sullivan, V. Meagher, R. Rath, M. Helmig, J. Bryan, D. Fitzgerald, E. Freiburger, J. McCarthy, J. O'Donnell, E. Vurpillat, O. Hentges, M. Schumacher, A. Scherrieb, H. Fuertges, E. Haab, A. Michaely, E. Weinkauf, J. Bultinck, E. Spornhauer, U. Reitz, H. Dahlinghaus, B. Schmitz, A. Sutter, L. Bergman, H. Fries, P. Gase, P. Miller, J. Saccone, M. Bryan, E. Mauntel, L. Sulzer, B. Gallagher.



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